EDINBURGH VIGNETTES

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Edinburgh Vignettes.

Verses by
A·H·Begbie.

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE

EDINBURGH VIGNETTES

VERSES

BY

AGNES HELEN BEGBIE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

BELL C. MACGIBBON AND R. T. ROSE

EDINBURGH
OTTO SCHULZE & COMPANY
20 SOUTH FREDERICK STREET

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Gift of Thomas H. Raynor Bequest
1989

EDINBURGH

STORM-BEAT, proud old Capital!
That ever to the Sea looks down,
About thy roofs and Castle wall
The circling sea birds cry and call
And the winds strive, O haunted Town!

EDINBURGH FROM SALISBURY CRAGS

TANDS on a windy spur of hill
A City smoking to the sky,
From Palace to grim Citadel
Piled close and steep, set bleak and high.
Winds pipe her music weird and shrill,
To hill and sea her grey wings lie,
Storms drench and buffet her at will,
Mists cling and clouds about her fly;
Yet in far lands her sons yearn still
For that grey Town upon the hill,
That City smoking to the sky.

HOLYROOD

REY Palace, when the twi-
light falls
And the Hill casts her purple
hood,
Great memories stir thy
dreaming Halls,
And fateful Shapes that
Silence wooed
Steal from the faded arrased walls
And touch dumb lutes and virginals
To the dead Queens of Holyrood.

Still Palace, when the moon enthralls
And Shadows troop in mournful mood,
Winds, that arise when dark night calls,
That, lurking by dim archways brood,
Chant in thy ruined Abbey stalls
And soft intone low madrigals
To the dead Kings of Holyrood.

THE HIGH STREET

EEP - THROATED, dim, historic Street
Of the drawn sword and fierce bloodshed,
Worn are thy stones with echoing feet,
Haunted by pageants of the dead;
Heart, where wild Scotland's heart once beat:
Gone thine old life, its throb, its heat,
Causeway of Kings, thy glory's fled!

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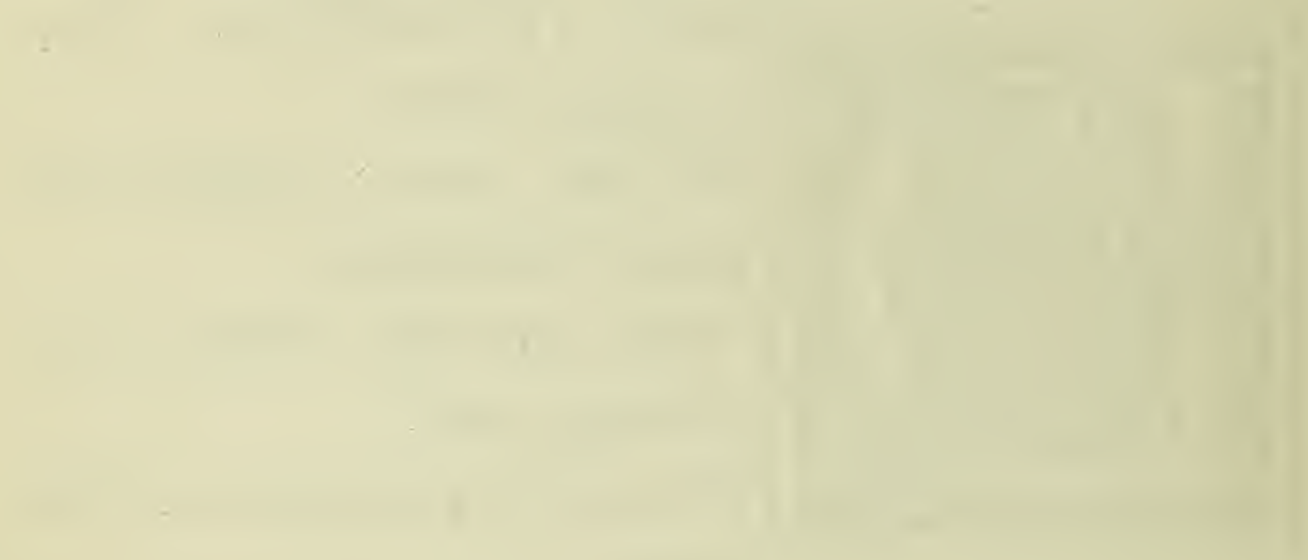

SAINT GILES' CHURCH

LD Church, that years and creeds outworn
Have frescoed in their rough-shod march;
Rent banners, gallant hands have borne
Through desperate fight and hope forlorn,
Droop from high pillar, misty arch.
Stern Church, where gentler Pastors preach,
Grey Shrine of our immortal Dead!
Beneath these shattered flags we reach
To Thee Who hear'st our broken speech,
Thou Who hast all our fathers led.

JOHN KNOX'S GRAVE

HERE grave Law-clerks pass to and fro
And sparrows gossip in the sun,
Two letters and a carved date show
There should this longer legend run—
'Here lie beneath the bones of him,
Maker of men: who, in his mould
Shaped Scotland, stamped her, wild and grim,
With his own image stern and bold.'—
And by that ancient crowned church Tower
Where once his voice rang far and wide
He rests, who lived his valiant hour,
And, ruling souls, still conquering died.

A HIGHLAND REGIMENT

HE steady tramp, the rhythmic feet,
And hark! above the City's hum,
The stirring pipe, the throbbing drum,
With pipers shrilling high they come,
The tartans swinging down the street.

THE CASTLE

ROODING above the City lights
When mystic moons their magic tell,
Unshaken through fierce Northern nights,
The mighty shadow flings its spell.

Grim monarch of a hundred fights,
Warden from Sea to Pentland Heights,
Alone, aloof, bold Sentinel!

THE UNIVERSITY

RAVE Halls, where youth and learning meet,
Gaunt Court, a bell's hoarse jangle,
Archway where hiving students greet,
And eager talk, and hurrying feet—
The falling day, and lighted street—
O haunted bleak Quadrangle!

SUMMER IN EDINBURGH

T length, the laggard June is born,
O City splendid on her height!
That flashing spires and domes adorn
When summer skies are royally worn
And flags float in a golden light.
City of bells and winds' renown,
Of piping bird and hawthorn tree,
Of crag and tower that gardens crown,
Whose cannon's roar salutes the Town
From sun-lit hill to shimmering sea.

VIEW FROM THE DEAN BRIDGE

HERE whirling winds their wild pipes blow
Stands in mid-air the high-spun bridge;
A rock-rent river twists below,
Deep vale, tall houses, ridge on ridge.

Green terraced Gardens climb its dell,
Blue shadowy mists droop o'er the North,
And dim beyond Saint Bernard's Well
Enchanted islands guard the Forth.

EDINBURGH FROM THE FORTH

REY city of the cloudy sky,
Proud city by the Northern Sea!
Stately, with tower and banner high,
Whose streets by terraced gardens lie
Where lilacs bloom and Spring winds cry,
And clashing bells mock melody.

EDINBURGH BY NIGHT

URRET and spire by a star-
pricked sky,
Wings o' night on a wind-
spent Town,
Gable and roof massed dark
and high,
Lonely note of a bugle
cry,
Lights to a dim sea quivering down.

THE RETURN

ND all about thy haunts we go,
The throbbing Past moves at our will,
Through drowsing squares where grasses grow,
Through wynds that seas and sunsets show,
By climbing street to tower and hill.

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